## CANTERSTONE JAIL

Oliver Mankell was sentenced three months' hard labor. The charge was that he had obtained money by means of false pretences. Not large sums, but shillings, half-crowns, and so on. He had given out that he was a wigard, and that he was able and willing-for a consideration-to predict the events of the future-tell for tunes in fact. The case created a large amount of local interest, for some curious stories were told about the map in the town Mankell was a tall, slight, wiry-looking fellow in the prime of life, with coal-black hair and olive complexion—apparently of Romany extraction. His bearing was selfpossessed, courteous even, yet with some thing in his air which might have led one t suppose that he saw-what others did notthe humor of the thing. At one point his grave, almost saturnine visage distinctly relaxed into a smile. It was when Colonel Gregory, the Chairman of the day, was passing sentence. After committing him for three months' hard labor, the Colonel added

"During your sejourn within the walls of a prison you will have an opportunity of retrieving your reputation. You say you are a marician. During your stay in jail I would strongly advise you to prove it. You would strongly advise you to prove it. lay claim to magic powers. Exercise them. I need scarcely point out to you how ex-cellent a chance you will have of creating a

sensation."

The people laughed. When the great
Panjandrum is even dimly suspected of an
intention to be junny the people always do. But on this occasion even the prisoner smiled-rather an exceptional thing, for, as rule, it is the prisoner who sees the joke

the least of all.

Later in the day the prisoner was conveyed to the county jail. This necessitated a journey by rail, with a change upon the way. At the station where they changed there was a delay of 20 minutes. This the prisoner and the constable in charge the prisoner and the constable in charge of him improved by adjourning to a public house hard by. Here they had a glass-indeed they had two—and when they reached Canterstone, the town on whose outskirts stood the jail, they had one—or perhaps it was two-more. It must have been two, for when they reached the jail, instead of the constable conveying the prisoner, i ble-upon his shoulder. The warder who answered the knock seemed surprised at what he saw. "What do you want?"

"Three months' hard labor."
The warder stared. The shades of night

had fallen, and the lamp above the prison door did not seem to cast sufficient light upon the subject to satisfy the janitor. "Come inside," he said.

Mankell entered, the constable upon his shoulder. Having entered, he carefully placed the constable in a sitting posture on the stones, with his back against the wall. The policeman's believe that tipped over his event he scarcely presented an investigation. eyes—he scarcely presented an imposing picture of the majesty and might of the law. The warder shook him by the shoulder. "Here, come—wake up. You're a pretty sort," he said. The constable's reply, al though slightly inarticulate, was sufficient

"Not another drop! not another drop!" he murmured.
"No, I shouldn't think so," said the

warder. "You have had a pailful, it seems to me already."

The man seemed a little puzzled. He turned and looked at Mankell. What do you want here?"

"Three months' hard labor. The man looked down and saw that the newcomer had gyves upon his wrist. He went to a door at one side and summoned another warder. The two returned together.

a glance.
"Have you come from ——?" naming the town from which they had in fact come. Mankell inclined his head. This second official turned his attention to the prostrate constable. "Look in his pockets, The janitor acted on the suggestion. The

order for committal was produced, "Are you Oliver Mankell?" Again Mankell inclined his head. With the order in his hand the official marched him through the side door through which he had himself appeared. Soon Oliver Mankell was the inmate of a cell. He spent that night in the reception cells at the gate. In the morning he had a bath, was inducted into prison clothing, and examined by the doctor. He was then taken up to the main building of the prison, and introduced to the governor. The governor was a quiet, gentlemanly man, with a strag-gling black beard and spectacles—the official to the tips of his fingers. As Man-k-li happened to be the only fresh arrival,

"You've placed yourself in an uncomfortable position, Mankell. I hope you'll obey the rules while you're here."

the governor favored him with a little

"I intend to act upon the advice tendere me by the magistrate who passed sentence. The governor looked up. Not only was the voice a musical voice, but the were not the sort of words generally chosen by the average prisoner, "What advice was that?"

"He said that I claimed to be a magician. He strongly advised me to prove it during my stay in jail. I intend to act upon the advice he tendered.

The governor looked Mankell steadily, in the face. The speaker's bearing conveyed no suggestion of insolent intention. governor looked down again.
"I advise you to be careful what you do.

You may make your position more uncomfortable than it is already. Take the man

They took the man away. They intro duced him to the wheel. On the tresdmill he passed the remainder of the morning. At noon morning tasks were over, and the prisoners were marched into their day cells to enjoy the meal which, in prison parlance, was called dinner. In accordance with the ordinary routine, the chaplain made his appearance in the roundhouse to interview these prisoners who had just came in, and those whose sentences would be completed on the morrow. When Mankell had been asked at the gate what his religion was, h had made no answer; so the warden, quit had made no answer; so the warden, quite used to ignorance on the part of new arrivals as to all religions, had entered him as a member of the Church of England. As a member of the Church of England he was

taken out to interview the chaplain now. The chaplain was a little fussy gentleman considerably past middle age. Long ex perience of prisons and prisoners had bre in him a perhaps unconscious habit of re-garding criminals as naughty boys— urchins who required a judicious combination of cakes and castigation.

"Well, my lad, I'm sorry tto see a man of your appearance here." This was a remark the chaplain made to a good many of his new friends. It was intended to give them the impression that the impression that at least the chaplain perceived that they were something out of the ordinary run. Then he dropped his voice to a judicious whisper. "What's it

"For telling the trath." This reply seemed a little to surprise the chaplain. He settled his spectacies upon

his nose.
"For telling the truth!" An idea seemed all at once to strike the chaplain. 'Do you mean that you pleaded guilty?" The man was silent. The chaplain referred to a paper be held in his hand. "Eh, I see that here it he held in his ound.

is written false pretences. Was it a stu mer?

We have seen it mentioned somewhen that "stumer" is slaug for a worthless check. It was a way with the chaplain to let his charges see that he was at least acgainted with their phraseology. But on

this occasion there was no response. The officer in charge of Maukell, who possibly wanted his dinner, put in his oar:

"Telling fortunes, sir."
"Telling fortunes! Oh! Dear me! How sad! You see what telling fortunes brings you to? There will be no difficulty in telling your fortune if you don't take care.

telling your fortune if you don't take care. I will see you to-morrow morning after chapel."

The chaplain turned away. But his prediction proved to be as false as Mankell's were stated to have been. He did not see him the next morning after chapel, and that for the sufficient reason that on the followfor the sufficient reason that on the following morning there was no chapel. And the
reasons why there was no chapel were very
curious indeed—unprecedented, in fact.

Canterstone jail was an old-fashioned
prison. In it each prisoner had two cells,
one for the day and one for the night. The

day cells were on the ground floor, those for the night were overhead. At 6 A. M. a bell was rung, and the warders unlocked the night cells for the occupants to go down to those beneath. That was the rule. That particular morning was an exception to the rule. The bell was rung as usual, and the warders started to unlock, but there the adherence to custom ceased, for the doors of the cells retused to be unlocked.

The night cells were hermetically scaled by oaken doors of massive thickness, bolted and barred in accordance with the former idea that the security of prisoners should depend rather upon bolts and bars than upon the vigilance of the officers in charge. Each door was let into a 24-inch brick wall and secured by two ponderous bolts and an enormous lock ponderous bolts and an enormous lock of the most complicated workmanship. These locks were kept constantly oiled. When the gigantic key was inserted, it turned as easily as the key of a watch—that was the rule. When, therefore, on inserting his key into the lock of the first cell, Warder Slater found that it wouldn't turn at all, he was rather taken aback. "Who's been having a game with this Who's been having a game with this

lock?" he asked. Warder Puffin, who was stationed at the head of the stairs to see that the prisoners passed down in order, at the proper distance from each other, replied to him. 'Anything the matter with the lock? Try

Warder Slater did try the next, but he found that as refractory as the other had

"Perhaps you've got the wrong key?" suggested Warder Puffin.
"Got the wrong key!" cried Warder Slater. "Do you think I don't known my own keys when I see them?"

The oddes part of it was that all the locks were the same. Not only in Ward A, but in Wards B, C, D, E and F—in all the wards, in fact. When this became known; a certain sensation was created, and that on both sides of the unlocked doors. The prisoners were soon conscious that their guardians were unable to release them, and they made a noise. Nothing is so precious to the average prisoner as a grievance; here was a grievance with a vengeance. The chief warder was a man named Mur-

ray. He was short and stout, with a red face and short, stubbly white hair—his very appearance suggested apoplexy. That suggestion was emphasized when he lost his temper—capable officer though he was, that was more than once in a while. He was in the wheel-shed, awaiting the arrival of the prisoners preparatory to being toled off to their various tasks when, instead of the prisoners, Warder Slater appeared. If Murray was stout, Slater was stouter. He at 5 feet 8, and weighed at least 250 pounds. He was wont to amaze those who saw him for the first time—and wondered—by assuring them that he had a brother who was still stouter—compared to whom he was a skeleton, in fact. But he was stout enough. He and the chief warder made a

locks of the night cells, sir. We can't undo the doors." "Can't undo the doors!" Mr. Murray

turned the color of a boiled What do you mean?" "It's very queer, sir, but all over the place it's the same. We can't get none of the doors unlocked."

Mr. Murray started off at a good round pace, Slater following hard at his heels. The chief warder tried his hand himself, He tried every lock in the prison; not one of them vouchsafed to budge. Not one, that is, with a single exception. The exception was in Ward B, No. 27. Mr. Murray had tried all the other doors in the ward, beginning with No. 1—tried them all in vain. But when he came to No. 27, the lock turned with the customs ease, and the door was open. Within it was Oliver Mankell, standing decorously at attention, waiting to be let out. Mr. Murray stared at him.

n! there's nothing the matter with this lock, at any rate. You'd better go

Oliver Mankell went downstairs-he was the only man in Canterstone jail who did. "Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, when he had completed his round. Two or three other warders had accompanied him. He turned on thes Some one will smart for this-you see they don't. Keep those men still."
The din was deafening. The prisoners

secure of a grievance, were practicing step dances in their heavy shoes on the stone floors; they made the narrow, vaulted corridors ring. "Silence those men!" shouted Mr. Jarvis

the second warder, who was tall and thin as the chief was short and stout. He might as well have shouted to the wind. Those the cells just close at hand observed the better part of valor, but those a little dis-tance off paid not the slightest heed. It they were locked in the officers were locked "I must go and see the governor."

Murray pursed up his lips. "Keep those men still, or I'll know the reason why." He strode off, leaving his subordinates to obey his orders—if they could or if they couldn't. Mr. Paley's house was in the center of the

jail. Paley, by the way, was the gover-nor's name. The governor, when Mr. Murray arrived, was still in bed. He came down to the chief warder in rather primitive disarray.

"Anything the matter, Murray?" "Yes, sir; there's something very much the matter, indeed."

"We can't get any of the doors of the You can't get-what?" "There seems to be something the matter with the locks." "The locks? All of them? Absurd!"

"Well, there they are, and there's the men inside of them, and we can't get 'em out—at least I've tried my hand, and I "I'll come with you at once, and see what

Mr. Paley was as good as his word. He started off just as he was. As they were going, the chief warder made another re-"By the way, there's one cell we manager

to get open -I opened it myself."
"I thought you said there was none?"

"Mankell? Who is he?" "He came in yesterday. It's that magi

when they reached the cells it was easy to perceive that something was wrong. The warders hung about in two and threes; the noise was deafening; the prisoners were keeping holiday.
"Get me the keys and let me see what can do. It is impossible that all the locks can nave been tampered with."

They presented Mr. Paley with the keys,

In his turn he tried every lock in the jail. This was not the work of a minute or two. The prison contained some 300 night cells. To visit them all necessitated not only a good deal of running up and down stairs, but a good deal of actual walking; for they were not only in different floors and in different blocks, but the prison itself was divided into blocks, but the prison itself was divided into two entirely separate divisions—north and south—and to pass from one division to the other entailed a walk of at least 100 yards. By the time he had completed the round of the locks, Mr. Paley had had about enough of it. It was not surprising that he felt a little bewildered—not one of the locks had shown any more readiness to yield to him than to the others.

than to the others.

In passing from one ward to the other, he had passed the row of day cells in which was situated B 27. Here they found Oliver Mankell sitting in silent state awaiting the call to work. The governor pulled up at sight of him.
"Well, Mankell, so there was nothing the

"Well, Mankell, so there was nothing the matter with the lock of your door?"

Mankell simply inclined his head.
"I suppose you know nothing about the locks of the other doors?"

Again the inclination of the head. The

man seemed to be habitually chary of "What's the matter with you? Are you dumb? Can't you speak when you're spoken to?" This time Mankell extended the palms of

his time Mankell extended the palms of his hands with a gesture which might mean anything or nothing. The governor passed on. The round finished, he held a consultation with the chief warder.

"Have you any suspicions?"

"It's queer." Mr. Murray stroked his bristly chie. "it's very queer that that man Mankell's should be the only cell in the prison left untampered with." bristly chin.

"Very queer, indeed." "What are we to do? We can't leave the men locked up all day. It's breakfast time

men locked up all day. It's breakfast time already. I suppose the cooks haven't gone down to the cook house?"

"They're locked up with the rest. Barnes has been up to know what he's to do."

Barnes was the prison cook. The cooks referred to were six good-behavior men who were toled off to assist him in his duties.

"If the food were cooked, I don't see how we should give it to the men."

"That's the question." Mr. Murray pondered. "We might pass it through the gas-holes."

"We should have to break the glass to do

'We should have to break the glass to do it. You wouldn't find it easy. It's plate-glass, an inch in thickness, and built into the solid wall."

There was a pause for consideration. "Well, this is a pretty start. I've never come across anything like it in all my days

Mr. Paley passed his hand through his pair. He had never come across anything like it either. "I shall have to telegraph to the commis sioners. I can't do anything without their

The following telegram was sent; "Cannot get prisoners out of night cells.
Something the matter with locks. Cannot give them any food. The matter is very urgent. What shall I do?"

The tollowing answer was received: "Inspector coming down."

The inspector came down—Major William Hardinge, a tall, portly gentleman, with a very decided manner. When he saw the Governor he came to the point at once. "What's all this stuff?"

"We can't get the prisoners out of the night cells. "There's something the matter with the

"Have you given them any food?" "We have not been able to."
"When were they locked up?" "Yesterday evening at 6 o'clock."

"This is a very extraordinary state of things, "It is, or I shouldn't have asked for in structions.' "It's now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They've been without food for 21 hours. You've no right to keep them without food all that time."
"We are helpless. The construction of

the night cells does not permit of our in-troducing food into the interior when the loors are closed. "Have they been quiet?"

cumstances was to be expected. As they were crossing toward the north division the governor spoke again:
"We've been able to get one man out,"
"One!—out of the lot! How did you get

"Oddly enough, the lock of his cell was the only one in the prison that had not been tampered with."
"Hum! I should like to see that man." "His name's Mankell. He only came in

resterday. He's been pretending to magic owers-telling fortunes, and that kind of "Only came in yesterday? He's begun

early. Perhaps we shall have to tell him what his fortune's likely to be." When they reached the wards the keys were handed to the inspector, who in his turn tried his hand. A couple of locksmiths had been fetched up from the town. When the major had tried two or three of the locks it was enough for him. He turned to the makers of locks.

'What's the matter with these locks?' "Well, that's exactly what we can't make out. The keys go in all right, but they won't turn. Seems as though somebody had een having a lark with them."

"Can't you pick them?"
"They're not easy locks to pick, but we'll "Have a try!"

They had a try, but they tried in vain. As it happened, the cell, on which they commenced operations was occupied by a gentleman who had had a considerable experience in picking locks—experience which had ended in placing him on the other side that door. He derided the locksmiths through the door. "Well, you are a couple of keen ones!

What, can't pick the lock! Why, there ain't a lock in England I couldn't pick with a stock in England I couldn't pick with a bent 'airpin. I only wish you was this side, starving like I am, and I was where you are, it wouldn't be a lock that would keep me from giving you food."

This was not the sort of language Major

Hardinge was accustomed to hear from the average prisoner, but the Major probably felt that on this occasion the candid proficient in the art of picking locks had a certain excuse. He addressed the baffled workmen:

"If you can't pick the lock, what can you do? The question is, what is the short-est way of getting inside that cell?" "Get a watch saw," cried the gentleman "And when you've got your watch saw?"

inquired the Major,
"Saw the whole lock right clean away, Lor' bless me! I only wish I was where you are, I'd show you a thing or two. It's as easy as winking. Here's all us chaps starving, all for want of a little hexper

"A saw'll be no good," declared one of the locksmiths. "Neither a watch saw nor any other kind of saw. How are you going to saw through those iron stanchious? You'll have to burst the door in, that's what it'll have to be." "You wen't find it an easy thing to do."

This was from the governor.

"Why don't you take and blow the whole place up?" shouted a gentleman, also on the other side of the door, two or three cells

Long before this all the occupants of the corridor had been lending a very attentive ear to what was going on. The suggestion was received with roars of laughter. The Major, however, preferred to act upon the the workmen's advice. A sledge hammer

was sent for.

While they were awaiting its arrival something rather curious happened—curious, that is, viewed in the light of what had gone before. Warder Slater fermed one of the party. More for the sake of something to the party anything else, he put his key into from anything else, he put his key into from the sake of something to the sake party. More for the sake of something to do than anything else, he put his key into the lock of the call which was just in front of him. Giving it a gentle twist, to -hi mazement it turned with the greatest case and the door was open.
"Here's a go!" he exclaimed. "Blest if

the corridor. The prisoners seemed to be amused. The official party kept silence. Possibly their feelings were too deep for

words. "Since we've got this one open," Warder Slater, "suppose we try another." He tried another, the next; the same result followed—the door was opened with the greatest of ease.
"What's the meaning of this?" spluttered
the Major. "Who's been playing this tomfoolery? I don't believe there's anything he matter with a lock in the place.

There did not seem to be, just then. For when the officers tried again they found no difficulty in unlocking the doors and setting the prisoners free.

Major Hardinge remained in the jail that night. He stayed in the governor's house as Mr. Paley's guest. He expressed himself very strongly about the events of the

"I'll see the thing through if it takes me week. The whole affair is incredible to me. It strikes me, Paley, that they've been

making a fool of you."

The governor combed his hair with his fingers. His official manner had temporarily gone. He seemed depressed.

"I assure you the doors were locked."
"Of course, the doors were locked, and

"I assure you the doors were locked."
"Of course the doors were locked, and they used the wrong keys to open them! It was a got-up thing."
"Not by the officers."
"By whom then? I don't see how the prisoners could have lent a hand."
"I know the officers and I will answer for them every man. As for the wrong keys being used, I know the keys as well as any one. I tried them, and not a lock would I tried them, and not a lock would yield to me."
"But they did yield. What explanation

have you to give of that?"
"I wish I could explain." And again
the governor combed his hair.
"I'll have an explanation tomorrow—you see if I don't!" But the Major never did. On the morrow, punctually at 6 A. M., an imposing procession started to unlock. There were the inspector, governor, chief warder, second warder, and the warder who

carries the keys.
"I don't think we shall have much diffi-"I don't think we shall have much diffi-culty in getting the men out of their cells this time," remarked the Major. They did not. "Good—good God!" he spluttered, when they reached the corridor; "what— what on earth's the meaning of this?" He had predicted rightly. They would have no difficulty in getting the men out of their cells; they were out already—men, and bed-ding and planks, and all. There was a man fast asleep in bed in front of each cell door. "I though I had given instructions that a special watch was to be kept all night," the Major roared.

Major roared,
"So there has been," answered the chief warder, whose head and face and neck were purple. "Warder Slater here has only just

gone off duty. Now, then, Slater, what's the meaning of this?"

"I don't know," protested Slater, whose mountain of flesh seemed quivering like jelly. "It's not a minute ago since I went o get my keys, and they was all inside their "Who let them out, then?"

The Major glared at him, incredulity in every line of his countenance.
"I don't know. I'll swear it wasn't me."
"I suppose they let themselves out, then. Although this short dialogue had been conducted by no means sotto voce, the noise did not seem to have had the slightest effect

in rousing the prisoners out of slumber. Even when the Major called to them they gave no sign.
"You men!" he shouted again; "it's good shamming Abraham with me!" He stooped to shake the man who was lying on

stooped to shake the man who was lying on the plank at his feet. "Good—good God! The—the—man's not dead?"
"Dead!" cried the governor, kneeling by the Major's side upon the stones.
The sleeper was very still. He was a man of some 40 years of age, with nut-brown tangled hair and beard. If not a short-sentence man, he was still in the early stages of his term—for he lay on the bare boards of the plank with the rug, blanket and sheet wrapped closely round him, so that they might take, as far as possible, the place of the coir mattress, which was not there. The heat wet his sleep was sound strangely sound. strained expression which we sometimes see on the faces of those who, without a moent's warning, have been suddenly visited

by death. "I don't think he's dead," the governor said. "He seems to be in some sort of trance. What's the man's name?" " 'Itchcock. He's one of the 'op-pickers. He's got a month.

It was Warder Slater who gave the information. The governor took the man by the shoulder and tried to rouse him out of

eep. "Hitchcock! Hitchcock! Come, wake up, my man! It's all right; he's coming to-he's He did wake up, and that so suddenly as to take the party by surprise. He sprang upright on the plank, nothing on but an

attenuated prison shirt, and glared at the officials with looks of unmistakable surrise. "Holloa! What's up! What's the mean-

Major Hardinge replied, suspicion peep ing from his eyes—
"That is what we want to know, and what we intend to know-what does it mean?

Why aren't you in your cell?"

The man seemed for the first time to per seive where he was. "Strike me lucky, if I ain't outside! Somebody must have took me out when I was asleep." Then, realizing in whose presence he was: "I beg your pardon, sir, out someone's took me out. 'The one who took you out took all the

The Major gave a side glance at Warden Slater. That intelligent officer seemed to be suffering agonies. The prisoner glanced along the corridor. "If all the blessed lot of 'em ain's out too!"

They were not only all out, but they were all in the same curiously trance-like sleep. Each man had to be separately roused, and each woke with the same startling, sudden bound. No one seemed more surprised to find themselves where they were than the men themselves. And this was not the case in one ward only, but in all the wards in the prison. No wonder the of-ficials felt bewildered by the time they had

gone the round.

"There's one thing certain," remarked Warder Slater to Warder Puffin, wiping the perspiration from his—Warder Slater's—brow, "if I let them out in one ward, I couldn't 'ardly let them out in all. Not to mention that I don't see how a man of my gone the round. build's going to carry eight-and-forty men, bed, bedding, and all, out bodily, and that without disturbing one of them from sleep." As the official party was returning through B ward inspecting the men, who were stand-ing at attention in their day cells, the officer

in charge advanced to the governor. "One man missing, sir! No. 27, Mankell, sir!" The chief warder started. If possible, he turned a shade more purple than "Fetch me the key of the night cells," he

said.

It was brought. They went upstairs—
the Major, the governor, the chief and second warders. Sure enough they found the night cell, waiting to be let out-the only man in the prison whom they had found in his place. The chief warder unlocked him. his place. In silence they followed him as he went

downstairs. When the Major and Mr. Paley found themselves alone, both of them little bewildered. "Well, Major, what do you think of it "It's a got-up thing! I'll stake my life,

it's a got-up thing!"
"What do you mean—a got-up thing?"
"Some of the officers know more about i than they have chosen to say—that man Slater, for instance. But I'll have the thing "Here's a go!" he exclaimed. "Blest if sifted to the bottom before I go. I never this door sin't come open." heard of anything more audacious in the There was a yell of jubilation all along whole of my career."

The governor smiled, but he made no comment on the Major's observation. It was arranged that an inquiry should be held after chapel. During chapel a fresh subject was added to the list of those which

subject was added to the list of those which already called for prompt inquiry.

Probably there is no more delicate and difficult position than that of a prison chaplain. If any man doubt this, let him step into a prison chaplain's shoes and see. Hs must have two faces, and each face must look in an exactly opposite way. The one toward authority—he is an official, an upholder of the law; the other toward the defiers of authority—he is the criminal's best friend. It requires the wisest of men to do his duty so as to please both sides, and he must please both sides—or fail. As has already been hinted, Mr. Hewett, the chaplain of Canterstone jail, was not the wisest of men. He was in the uncomfortable—but not uncommon—position of being disliked by both the rival houses. He meant well, but he was not an apt interpreter of his own meaning. He blundered, sometimes on the prisoners' toes, and sometimes on the toes of the officials.

meaning. He blundered, sometimes on the prisoners' toes, and sometimes on the toes of the officials. Before the service began the governor thought of giving him a hint, not—in the course of it—to touch on the events of the last two days. But previous hints of the same kind had not by any means been well received, and he refrained. Exactly what he leared would happen, happened. Both the inspector and the governor were present at the service. Possibly the chaplain supposed this to be an excellent opportunity of showing the sort of man he was—one full of zeal. At any rate, belore the services was over, before propouncing the benediction, he came down to the altar rail, in the way they knew so well. The governor, outwardly unruffled, inwardly groaned. they knew so well. The governor, wardly unruffled, inwardly groaned.

"I have something to say to you."
When he said this, those who knew him knew exactly what was coming; or they thought they did, for, for once in a way, they were grieviously wrong. When the chap-lain had got so far, he paused. It was his habit to indulge in these eloquent pauses, but it was not his habit to behave as he immediately did. While they were waiting for him to go on almost forcessing as he immediately did. While they were waiting for him to go on, almost forecasting the words he would use, a spasm seemed to go all over him, and he clutched the rail and spoke. And what he said was this— "Bust the screws and blast 'em!"

The words were shouted rather than spoken. In the very act of utterance he clung on to the rail as though he needed its support to enable him to stand. The chapel was intensely still. The men stared at him as though unable to believe their eyes and ears. The chaplain was noted for his little eccentricities, but it was the first time they had taken such a shape as this. "That's not what I meant to say." The words came out with a grasp. Mr. Hewett put his hand up to his brow. "That's not

what I meant to say." what I meant to say."

He gave a frightened glance around.

Suddenly his gaze became fixed, and he
looked intently at some object right in front
of him. His eyes assumed a dull and fishlike stare. He hung on to the rail, his sur-pliced figure trembling as with palsy. Words fell from his lips with feverish volu-

"What's the good of a screw, I'd like to know? Did you ever know one what was worth his salt? I never did. Look at that beast, Slater, great fat brute, what'd get a man three days bread and water as soon as look at him. A little bread and water'd do him good. Look at old Murray—call a man like that chief warder. I wonder what a chief fat-head's like? As for the governor -as for the governor-as-for-the-gov

The chapel was in confusion. The officer rose in their seats. Mr. Paley stood up in his pew, looking whiter than he was wont to do. It seemed as though the chaplain was struggling with an unseen antagonist. He writhed and twisted, contending, as it were, with something—or some one—which appeared to be in front of him. His sentence remained unfinished. All at once he collapsed, and, sinking into a heap, lay upon the steps of the altar—still.
"Take the men out," said the governor's

quiet voice. The men were taken out. The schoolmaster was already at the chaplain's side.
With him were two or three of the prisoners who sang in the choir. The governor and the inspector came and looked down at the senseless man.

master said. once." With that the governor left the chapel, the inspector going with him. "It's no good our staying. He'll be all right, I -I don't feel quite well." Major Hardinge looked at him shrewdly

out of the corner of his eyes. "Does he "Not that I am aware of. I never heard of it before. I should say certainly not." "Is he mad?" "No-o-he has his peculiarities-but he

certainly is not mad. "Is he subject to fits?" "I have not known of his having one be When they reached the office the Major began to pace about.

"That chaplain of yours must be stark mad?" "If so, it is a very sudden attack."

"Did you hear what he said?"
"Very well, indeed."
"Never heard such a thing in my life! Is
he in the habit of using such language?"
"Hardly. Perhaps we had better leave it till we hear what the doctor says. Possibly there is some simple explanation, am afraid the chaplain is unwell." "If he isn't unwell, I don't know who he is. Upon my word, Paley, I can't con gratulate you upon the figure Canterstone jail has cut during the last few days. I

don't know what sort of report I shall hav to make.' The governor winced. When, a few min utes afterward, the doctor entered, he began upon the subject at once.
"How is the chaplain, doctor?

Dr. Livermore gave a curious glance about him. Then he shook hands with the inspector. Then he sat down. Taking off his hat, he wiped his brow.

"Well? Anything wrong?" "The chaplain says he is bewitched."
The governor looked at the inspec

and the inspector looked at him.
"Bewitched?" said Mr. Paley. "I told you the man was mad," the he comes. Even as he spoke the chaplain entered leaning on the chief warder's arm. He advanced to the table at which the gov-

ernor sat, looking Mr. Paley steadily in the "Mr. Paley, I have to report to you that I have been bewitched." "I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Hewett."
He could not resist a smile. "Though I am

afraid I do not understand exactly what you "It is no laughing matter. The chaplain's tone was cool and collected—more impres-sive than it was used to be. "The man whose name I believe is Oliver Mankell has bewitched me. He was the second man in the third row on my right-hand side in chapel. I could make out that his number was B 27. He cast on me a spell."

There was silence. Even the inspecto

felt that it was a delicate matter to accus

the chaplain outright of lunacy. An inter

ruption came from an unexpected quarter-

from the chief warder.
"It's my belief that man Mankell's been up to his games about those cells." The interruption was the more remark-able, because there was generally war-not able, because there was generally war-not always passive-between the chief and the chaplain. Every one looked at Mr. What is this I hear about the cells?"

saked Dr. Livermore. The governor answered: "Yesterday the men were all locked in their night cells. This morning they were all locked out—that is, we found them all seemingly fast asleep, each man in front of his cell door." "They were all locked in except one man nd that man was Mankell-and he was th

only man who was not locked out." the chief warder.

"And do you suggest," said the doctor,

"that he had a finger in the pie?"

"It's my belief he did it all. Directly

I set eyes upon the man I knew there was something about him I couldn't quite make out. He did it all. Have you heard sir,

out. He did it all. Have you heard sir, how he came to the gate?"

Mr. Murray was, in general, a reticent man. It was not his way to express decided opinions in the presence of authorities, or indeed of any one else. Mr. Paley, who knew his man, eyed him with curiosity.
"What was there odd about that?"
"Why, instead of the constable bringing him, it was him who brought the constable. When they opened the gate there was him your powers!
The suggestion came from the doctor. The
Major exploded.
"Don't talk stuff and nonsense! Give the

him, it was him who brought the constable. When they opened the gate there was him with the policeman over his shoulder."

In spite of Mr. Murray's evident earnestness, there were some of his hearers who were unable to repress a smile.

"Do you mean that the constable was drunk?"

"That's the court was a side." man three days' bread and water. That is what he wants." "You do not believe in magic, then?" Mankell turned to the Major with his laughing eyes. "What's it matter to you what I believe? You may take my word for it that I don't believe in impudent mountebanks like

drunk?"
"That's the queer part of it. It was John Mitchell. I've known him for two-and-twenty years. I never knew him have a glass too much before. I saw him soon afterward—he was all right then. He said he had only had three half-pints. He was quite himself till he got near the gate, when all of a sudden ha went queer all over."
"Possibly the ale was drugged," suggested the doctor.

ed the doctor.
"I don't know nothing about that, but do know that the same hand that played that trick was the same hand that played the tricks with the cells.'

the tricks with the cella."

"Consider a moment what you are saying, Murray. How are 300 locks to be tampered with in the middle of the night by a man who is himself a prisoner? One moment. But even that is nothing compared to the feat of carrying 300 men fast asleep in bed—bed and all—through 300 closed doors, under the very noses of the officers on guard—think of doing all that single-handed!"

"It was witcheraft." "It was witchcraft."
When the chief warder said this Major

Hardinge exploded.
"Witchcraft! The idea of the chief warder of an English prison talking about witchcraft at this time of day! It's quite time you were superanuated, sir."
"The man, Mankell, certainly bewitched

me."
"Bewitched you!" As the Major faced the chaplain he seemed to find it difficult to restrain his feelings. "May I ask what sort of idea you mean to convey by saying he bewitched you?"

"I will explain so far as I am able." The chaplain paused to collect his thoughts. All eyes were fixed upon him. "I intended to say something to the men touching the events of yesterday and this morning. As I came down to the altar-rail I was conscious of a curious sensation—as though I was being fascinated by a terrible gaze which was burning into my brain. I msnaged to pronounce the first few words. Involuntarily looking round, I met the eyes of the man Mankell. The instant I did so I was conscious that something had so I was conscious that something had passed from him to me, something that made my tongue his slave. Against my will my tongue uttered the words you will my tongue uttered the words you heard. Struggling with all my might I momentarily regained the exercise of my own will. It was only for a moment, for in an instant he had mastered me again. Although I continued to struggle, my tongue uttered the words he hade it utter, until I suppose my efforts to repel his dominion brought on a kind of fit. That he laid on a spell I am assured."

There was a pause when the chaplain ceased. That he had made what he supposed to be a plain and simple statement of facts was evident. But then the facts were

facts was evident. But then the facts wer remarkable ones. It was the doctor wh roke the silence. "Suppose we have the man in here, as that we can put him through his facings?

The governor stroked his beard. "What are you going to say to him? You can hardly charge him with witchcraft. He is here because he has been pretending to

magic powers."
The doctor started. "No! Is that so? Then I fancy we have the case in a nutshell. The man is what old-!ashioned people used to call a mesmerist—hypnotism they call it nowadays and all sorts of things." "But mesmerism won't explain the cells!"
"I'm not so sure of that—at any rate, it

would explain the policeman who was sud-denly taken queer. Let's have the man in "The whole thing is balderdash," said the Major with solemnity "I am anyto hear such stuff talked in an English

interviewing Mr. Mankell. Murray, see that they send him here." The chie warder departed to do the governor's bidling. Mr. Paley turned to the chaplain 'According to you, Mr. Hewett, we are subjecting ourselves to some personal risk by bringing him here. Is that so?"
"You may smile, Mr. Paley, but you may find it no laughing matter after all.

are more things in heaven and earth than

"At least there will be no harm in our

are dreamt of in man's philosophy." "You don't mean to say," burst out the Major, "that you, a man of education, a clergyman, chaplain of an English prison, believe in witchcraft?" "It is not a question of belief-it is a mestion of fact. That the man cast on me spell, I am well assured. Take care that

he does not do the same to you." The governor smiled. The doctor laughed. The enormity of the suggestion kept the Major tongue-tied till Mankell ap-

III.

Although Mankell was ushered in by the chief warder, he was in actual charge o Warder Slater. The apartment into which he was shown was not that in which prisoners ordinarily interviewed the governor. There a cord, stretched from wall to wall. divided the room nearly in half. On one side stood the prisoner, with the officer in charge of him; on the other sat the governor. Here there was no cord. The roomwhich was a small one-contained a single table. At one end sat Mr. Paley, on his right sat Major Hardinge, the chaplain stood at his left, and just behind the Major sat Dr. Livermore. Mankell was told to sat Dr. Livermore. Mankell was told to stand at the end which faced the governor. A momentary pause followed his entrance— all four pairs of eyes were examining his countenance. He, for his part, bore himself quite easily, his eyes being fixed on the governor, and about the corners of his lips hovered what was certainly more than the

suspicion of a smile.
"I have sent for you," Mr. Paley began "because I wish to ask you a question. You understand that I make no charge against you, but—do you know who has pering with the locks of the cells?"

The smile was unmistakable smile was unmistakable now. ighted up his saturnine visage, suggesting that here was a man who had an eye-poss bly almost too keen an eye-for the redict

Governor, smoothing his hair with his hand, seemed to be in a hopeless mist. It was the chaplain who rose from the floor with his handkerchief to his nose, who ous. But he gave no answer.
"Do you hear my question, Mankell? Do
you know who has been tampering with the ocks of the cells?"

Mankell extended his hands with a little raceful gesture which smacked of more dinge has struck me to the ground, and the chief warder has thrown on me a pail of outhern elimes.
"How shall I tell you?"
"Tell the truth, sir, and don't treat us

any of you high faluting."
This remark came from the Major—not in too amiable a tone of voice.
"But in this land it would seem tha truth is a thing that wise men shun. It is tor telling the truth that I am here." "We don't want any of your insolence my man! Answer the governor's question if you don't want to be severely punished. Do you know who has been playing hanky. panky with the cells?"

and looked at the Major with laughter in his eyes.
"Spirits of the air! What the "Ah! what do I mean? To tell you that," laying a stress upon the pronoun, "would take a year." "The fellow's an insolent scoundrel," spluttered the Major.
"Come, Mankell, that won't do," struct in Mr. Paley. "Do I understand you to

As he said this Mankell inclined his he

'Spirits of the air."

say that you do know something about matter?" The man drew himself up, "Knew!" The man drew himself up, lay-ing the index fuger of his right hand upon

the table with a curiously impressive air. "What is there that I do not know?"
"I see. You still pretend, then, to the possession of magic powers?"
"Pretend!" Mankell laughed. He stretched out his hands in front of him with what comed to be his favorite gesture.

The only reply Mankell gave was to raise

his hand—if that might be called a reply— in the way we sometimes do when we call for silence, and there was silence in the room. All eyes were fixed upon the pris-

his hands into his breeches pockets—hardly the regulation attitude in the presence of

unusually plain-spoken officer, "Slater, you're a fool!"

straight.

to second him."

resolute air.

"I'm not a fighting man," the chaplain

announced; "and in any case, I should de-cline to soil my hands by touching such an ill-manuered ruffian as Major Hardinge."
"I say," exclaimed the doctor, "Har-dings you're not soing to tred the "

had done. He strode up to the chaplain.

bullying blackguard."
The Major did dare. He struck out, if

not with considerable science, at any rate with considerable execution. The chaplain

the floor.

While these-considering the persons en-

gaged—somewhat irregular proceedings had been taking place, Mankell remained mo-tionless, his hand upraised—still with that

smile upon his face. Now he lowered his

There was silence again—a tolerably prolonged silence. While it lasted a

change seemed to be passing over the

chief actors in the scene. They seemed to

chief actors in the scene. They seemed to be awaking, with more or less rapidity, to the fact that a certain incongruity char-acterized their actions and their language. There stood Warder Slater, apparently sur-prised and overwhelmed at the discovery that his hat and coat were off, and his shirt

sleeves tucked up above his elbows. The

chief warder, with the empty pail in his hand, presented a really judicrous picture of amazement. He seemed quite unable to realize the fact that he had thrown the con-

tents over the chaplain. The inspector's surprise appeared to be no less on finding that, in his pugilistic ardor, he had torn off his coat, and knocked the chaplain down.

The doctor, supporting him in the rear seemed to be taken a little aback. The

brought it home to them that the scene which had just transpired had not been the grotesque imaginings of some waking

"I call you to witness that Major, Har-

"Thank you very much," he said.

chaplain

"We'l, Major, what do you think o with what seemed to be his favorite gesture, The Major sank into a chair, expressi his thoughts by a gasp. Mr. Paley surned his attention to the doctor. and laughed-in the face of the authorities Suppose you give us an example of

"What do you say, doctor?"
"I say?—I say nothing."
"I suppose," murmured the Major, in what seemed to be the ghost of his natural The doctor seemed to have something to say on that point, at any rate.

"Kucek him down!—I should think you

appearance was followed by what might be

described as abject silence. The governor eyed his colleagues furtively. At last he

"Knock him down!—I should think you did! Like a log of wood!"

The Major glanced at the governor. Mr. Paley shook his head. The Major groaned. The governor began to be a little agitated.

"Something must be done. It is out of the question that such a scandal should be allowed to go out into the world. I do not he sitate to say that if the chaplain sends in to the commissioners the report which he to the commissioners the report which he threatens to send, the situation will be to the last degree unpleasant for all of us." "The point is," observed the doctor—"are we, collectively and individually, subject to periodical attacks of temporary insan-ity."

oner. He looked each man in turn steadily in the face. Then, still serenely smiling, he gently murmured, "If you please."

There still was silence, but only for a moment. It was broken by Warder Slater. That usually decorous officer tilted his cap to the back of his head, and thrust "Speaking for myself, I should say cer tainly not." tainly not."

Dr. Livermore turned to the governor.

"Then perhaps you will suggest a hypothesis which will reasonably account for what has just occurred." The governor was silent. "Unless you are prepared to seek for a cause in the regions of phenomena."

"Supposing." murmured the Major, "there is such a thing as witcheraft after allo"

"I should blooming well like to know what this means! 'Ere have I been in this 'ere jail II years, and I've never been accused before of letting men out of their night cells, let alone their beds and beddless and I don't like it so I tell you ding, and I don't like it, so I tell you "We should have the Psychical Research The chief warder turned with automatic suddenness toward the unexpectedly and "Slater, you're a fool!"
"I'm not the only one in the place!
There's more fools here besides me, and some of them bigger ones as well.
While these compliments were being exchanged the higher officials sat mutely looking on. When the chief warder seemed at a loss for an answer, the chaplain volunteered a remark. He addressed himself to Warder Slater.

"We should have the Psychical Research Society down on us, if we had nobody else, if we appended our names to a confession of faith." The doctor thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat armholes. "And I should lose every patient I have."

There was a tapping at the door. In response to the governor's invitation the chief warder entered. In general there was in Mr. Murray's bearing a not distant suggestion of an inflated bantam cock or pouter pigeon. It was curious to observe peuter pigeon. It' was curious to observe how anything in the shape of inflation was absent now. He touched his hat as he addressed the governor-his honest, rubicund, somewhat pugnacious face, eloquent of the weight that was on his mind. "Excuse me, sir. I said he was a

"It's my opinion that the governor's a bigger fool than you are, and that the in-spector's a still bigger fool than he is."
"And it's my belief, Mr. Hewett," ob-served the doctor, "that you're the biggest fool of all." "Your saying that he was a witch-or "It would serve him right," remarked the wigard," remarked the governor dryly, "will not, I fear, be sufficient excuse, in the governor quietly, "if somebody were to knock him down."
"Knock him down! I should think it eyes of the commissioners, for your throwing a pail of water over the chaplain."
"But a man's not answersble for what he does when he's bewitched," persisted the chief warder, with characteristic sturdi-

"Knock him down! I should think it would—and kick him too!"

As he said this the Major glared at the chaplain with threatening eyes.

There was silence again, broken by Warder Slater taking off his cap and then his tunic, which he folded up carefully and placed upon the floor, and then turning his shirt-sleeves up above his elbows, revealing as he did so a pair of really rigantic arms. ness. "It is exactly that reflection which has constrained me to return."

They looked up. There was the chaplain standing in the door—still with his handkerchief to his nose.
"Mr. Murray, you threw a pail of water as he did so a pair of really gigantic arms. "If any man says I let them out of their cells, I'm ready to fight that man, either for a gallon of beer or nothing. I don't care if it's the inspector, or who it is."

"I suspect," declared the chaplain, "that the inspector's too great a covered to the over me. If you assert that you did it under the influence of witchcrait, I, who

have myself been under a spell, am willing to excuse you."
"Mr. Hewett, sir, you yourself know the inspector's too great a coward to take you on, but if he does I'm willing to back Slater for half-a-crown. I am even prepared was bewitched. "I do; as I believe it of myself. Murray, give me your hand." The chaplain and the chief warder solemnly shook hands. "There Putting his hands under his coat-tails the looked up at the ceiling with a is an end of the matter as it concerns us two. Major Hardinge, do I understand you to sssert that you too were under the influ

resolute air.
"If you do fight Slater, Hardinge, I should certainly commence by giving the chaplain a punch in the eye."
So saying, the Governor leaned back in his chair, and began drumming on the table with the time of his fingers. The This was rather a delicate inquiry to ad-dress to the Major. Apparently the Major seemed to find it so.
"I don't know about witcheraft," he table with the tips of his fingers. The doctor rose from his seat. He gave the inspector a hearty slap upon the back.

"Give him beaus!" he cried. "You ought to be able to knock an overfed animal like Slater into the middle of next week before he's counted five." growled; "but I am prepared to take my oath in any court in England that I had no more intention of striking you than I had of striking the moon."
"That is sufficient, Major Hardinge. I

witchcraft?

forgive you from my heart. Perhaps you too will take my hand." "I've no quarrel with Slater," the intoo will take my hand."

The Major took it—rather awkwardly—much more awkwardly than the chief warder had done. When the chaplain relinquished it, he turned aside, and picking spector growled, "and I've no intention of fighting him; but as the chaplain seems to be so anxious for a row, I'll fight him with the greatest pleasure."

"If there's goin' to be any fighting," interposed the chief warder, "don't you think I'd better up his coat, began to put it on—scarcely with that air of dignity which is proper to s

T presume, continued Mr. Hewett, "I don't know about the sponges," said "that we all allow that what has occurred any just at hand, But you might get a pail of water, I think."

The chief warder left the room. the man Oliver Mankell?" There was silence. Apparently they did not all allow it yet; it was a pill to swallow. "Hypnotism," muttered the doctor, half

"Hypnotism! I believe that the word simply expresses some sort of mesmeric power—hardly a sufficient explanation in dinge, you're not going to stand that?"
The Major sprang from his seat, tore off his coat, and flung it on the ground with considerably less care than Warder Slater he present case."
"I would suggest, Major Hardinge," interposed the governor, "all theorizing aside, that the man be transferred to an-

other prison at the earliest possible mo-"Beg my pardon, or take a licking!"
The Major clenched his fists. He assumed an attitude which, if not exactly reminiscent of the pets of the fancy, was at least intended to be pugifistic. The chaplain did "He shall be transferred to-morn affirmed the Major. "If there is anything in Mr. Hewett's suggestion, the fellow shall have a chance to prove it-in some other jail. Oh, good Lord! Don't! He's kill-"You dare to lay a finger on me, you

ing me! Help-p!"
"Hardinge!" exclaimed the doctor
"what's the matter now?" There seemed to be something the matter.

The Major had been delivering himself in went down like a log. At that moment the chief warder entered the room. He had a pail of water in his hand. For some reason, which was not altogether plain, he threw its contents upon the chaplain as he lay upon the floor. his most pompously official manner. Sud-denly he put his hands to the pit of his stomach, and began to cry out as if in an ecstasy of pain, his official manner alto gether gone.

> "Oddly enough, I too was conscious of a very curious sensation."
>
> As he said this, the governor wiped the cold dew of perspiration from his brow.
>
> He seemed unnaturally white. As he adjusted his spectacles, there was an odd tremulous appearance about his eyes. "It was because you spoke of transferring

'He'll murder me! I know he will!"

"Murder you? Who?"

him to some other jail." The chaplain's tone was solemn. "He dislikes the idea of being trifled with."

The Major resented the suggestion. Trifled with? He seems uncommon! ond of trifling with other people. Confound the man! Oh-h!" The Major sprang from the floor with an exclamation which amounted to a positive

ach man seemed a little paler than

'Something must be done," the governor gasped.

The chaplain made a proposition. "I propose that we summon him into our presence, and inquire of him what he wishes us to do." The proposition was not received with ac-clamation. They probably felt that a cer-tain amount of complication might be ex-pected to ensue if such inquiries began to be

ddressed to prisoners. "I think I'll go my rounds," observed the doctor. "This matter scarcely concerns me. I wish you gentlemen well out of it." He reached out his hand to take his hat, which he had placed upon a chair. As he did so, the hat disappeared, and a chief warder has thrown on me a pail of water. What conduct may be expected from ignorant criminals when such is the behavior of those who are in charge of them, must be left for others to judge."

They looked at one another. Their feelings were momentarily too deep for words. "I think," suggested the governor, with quavering intonation, "I think—that this man—had better—be taken away."

Warder Slater picked up his hat and coat, and left the room, Mankell walking quietly beside him. Mr. Murray followed after, seeming particularly anxious to conceal the presence of the pail. Mr. Hewett, as mall brown terrier dog appeared in its place. The dog barked viciously at the outstretched hand. The doctor started ack just in time to escape its teeth. The

dog disappeared—there was the hat again.
The appearance was but momentary, but it
was none the less suggestive on that account. The doctor seemed particularly affeeted. "We must have all been drinking, if we are taking to seeing things," he cried. "I think," suggested the chaplain, almost in a whisper, "that we had better inquire what it is he wishes us to do." There was silence. "We - we have all clear con-sciences. There—there is no reason why we

"We're—we're not afraid," gasped the gov-ernor. "I—I don't think you are entitled to infer such a thing."

The Major stammeringly supported

after, seeming particularly anxious to conceal the presence of the pail. Mr. Hewett,
still stanching the blood which flowed from
his nose, fixed his eyes on the inspector.

"Major Hardinge, if, 24 hours after this,
you are still an inspector of prisons, all England shall ring with your shame. Behind
bureancracy—above it—is the English
press." The chaplain moved toward the
door. On the threshold he paused. "As for
the chief warder, I shall commence by indicting him for assault." He took another
step, and paused again. "Nor shall I forget that the Governor aided and abetted the of course we-we're not afraid. e-the idea is preposterously absurd."
"Still," said the doctor, "a man doesn't get that the Governor aided and abetted the inspector, and that the doctor egged him care to have hanky-panky tricks played with a man's top hat."

There was a pause—of considerable Then the chaplain disappeared. His dis-